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# The Sailor Boy Capering Ashore

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# SUCCESS TO THE BLUES.

## KITTY TYRELL.

**Y**OU'RE looking as fresh as the morn, darling,  
You're looking as bright as the day,  
But while on your charms I'm delighting,  
You're stealing my poor heart away.  
But keep it and welcome, Mavourneen,  
Its loss I'm going to mourn,  
Yet one heart's enough for a body,  
So pray give me yours in return.  
Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
O pray give me yours in return.  
I've built me a neat little cot, darling  
I've pigs and potatoes in store,  
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,  
And may be a pound or two more ;  
It's all very well to have riches,  
But I'm such a covetous elf,  
I can't help sighing for something,  
And, darling, that something's yourself.  
Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
That something you know is yourself.  
You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,  
Say yes I and you'll never repent,  
Or if you've a mind to be silent,  
Your silence I'll take for consent.  
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tal  
Now all that I have is your own,  
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,  
Next week you'll be Mistress Malone.  
Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

## Success to the Blues.

**A**S I was going down Rosemary-hill,  
A most beautiful sigh: I beheld,  
Of the pretty girls crying and wringing their  
hands,  
Saying, the rout has come for the Blues.  
Now the daughter unto her old mother did say,  
My heart's filled with love for the Blues,  
I'll pack up my clothes, I'll make no delay,  
And I'll travel the world with the Blues.  
The landlord and landlady walked arm in arm,  
And so does the young women too ;  
You would have laughed to see them go round,  
To take their farewell of the Blues.  
He's as clever a young fellow as ever you see,  
When dress'd in her Majesty's clothes,  
You may search England o'er, and Scotland all  
through,  
And there's none can compare with the Blues.  
Our ship she is waiting and we must away,  
Drink success to brave George and his Blues,  
Then give three huzzas, success to King George,  
Success to King George and the Blues.



## THE SAILOR BOY Capering Ashore.

H. Such, Printer, 177, Union-st. Boro

**P**OLL, dang't how dy'e do ?  
Nan, won't you gi' us a buss ?  
Why, what's to do wi' you ?  
Why here's a pretty fuss :  
Say, shall we kiss and toy  
I goes to sea no more,  
Oh ! I'm the sailor boy  
For capering ashore.

Father he apprenticed me  
All to a coasting ship,  
I being resolved, dy'e see,  
To give 'em all the slip :  
I got to Yarmouth fair,  
Where I had been before,  
So father found me there,  
A capering ashore.

Next out to India  
I went a Guinea pig,  
We got to Table Bay,  
But mind a pretty rig—  
The ship driving out to sea,  
Left me and many more,  
All among the Hottentots,  
A capering ashore.

I loves a bit of a hop,  
Life's ne'er the worser for't,  
If in my way should drop  
A fiddle, (that's your sort.)  
Thrice tumble up a-hoy,  
Once get the labour o'er,  
Then see the sailor boy,  
A capering ashore.

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